

# THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY

The Washington Herald Company,  
425-427-429 Eleventh Street. Phone Main 3300

CLINTON T. BRAINARD, President and Publisher

## FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:

THE BECKWITH SPEC. L. AGENCY.  
New York, Tribune Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis, Third National Bank Building; Detroit, Ford Building.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:

Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month; \$4.80 per year.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:

Daily and Sunday, 50 cents per month; \$6.00 per year. Daily only, 10 cents per month; \$4.50 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1919.

## Chain the Mad Dog of Science.

A startling warning comes from Reinach, the great French scientist. According to this Frenchman, disarmament is no remedy for war; war can be waged and won by a totally disarmed country—not with heavy guns and submarines, but with poison.

Does the great danger to mankind really lie in chemistry and biology?

When Reinach speaks, the world can profitably listen with respect. He is one of France's greatest men. While first of all an archaeologist, he is also an all-around scientist. His books have been translated into all languages.

Let us cast off our state of auto-hypnosis and consider what is really meant by disarmament.

Had it been proposed a century ago, men would have understood it as the discarding of swords and flintlock muskets.

One after the other, man's fighting implements have been rendered obsolete by the appearance of new devices.

The invention of the bow and arrow nullified the offensive power of the man with a war club.

Archers were put out of business by the appearance of armor, which in turn lost its value through the invention of gunpowder.

What would naval disarmament have meant in 1862? The prohibition of wooden fighting ships. No one dreamed of ironclads, but in the same year Merrimack destroyed the union fleet in Hampton Roads and it was no longer necessary to disarm wooden fighting vessels—they had been eliminated by the arrival of steel battleships.

If invention through the long march of misty centuries has invariably changed the meaning of disarmament, is not Reinach correct? What is to prevent the chemists, biologists and electro-scientists rendering ineffectual the scrapping of our present fighting material by devising poison gases, wireless thunderbolts and disease germs to devastate an enemy country with the swiftness possible only to hidden death?

In the year 1347 Europe was invaded by the forces of Pestis Major. Within 24 months 25,000,000 people had been killed. This invasion is known in history as the Black Plague. Pestis Major, the dread germ, was brought from the Crimea to Genoa by a single man—Gabriel de Mussis, an Italian lawyer.

Consider what the Spanish influenza infection, carried by a few sailors landing at Halifax and Boston, has cost the United States. Four hundred thousand dead!

Talk about 42-centimeter guns!

What good to discard submarines and heavy artillery, if the scientists, a handful of them, in their cynical conviction that war is the natural biologic state, can devise death instruments like flu and black plague?

We can take away from Germany every weapon she now has, even hunting rifles, and still she may strike back through her chemists.

How do we know what is going on inside the German laboratories? This very instant they may be discovering a scientific instrument of destruction with the powers of an earthquake or tidal wave.

Steinmetz has suggested that future wars could easily be fought with bacteria.

But disease germs comprise only one possibility.

Why could not the scientists of any country develop the wireless so that thunderbolts could be hurled from great generators?

Nikola Tesla four years ago took out patent 1110732 on the fundamentals of such a machine. A similar device has been utilized in the Dakotas for fighting the rabbit pest, killing a rabbit at 108 feet when near a great power plant.

Suppose the men of science perfect this method of hurling death throughout the world at the rate of hundreds of miles per second.

What good, then, would all this proposed disarmament of submarine, artillery, and poison gas avail mankind?

Is there a remedy for this condition?

Yes, says Reinbach, there is a remedy, but only one:

The international control of every factory and laboratory.

This way alone can the peaceful element of the world know possible evil-doers are scheming amid their test tubes and electrical apparatus.

With the great laboratories open to international inspectors, with stern penalties for evil-doers before their plans are perfected, with huge and alluring rewards for information concerning scientific plots—in no other manner can disarmament be more than a pretense.

Faith in mustard gas didn't remove mountains.

It may be that one of the first jobs of the league will be to diagnose Mexico.

The Hun's idea is that he lost the game because there was too much English on the ball.

The principal thing in the way of arbitration is one man's conviction that he can lick another.

A man who is too good to lie about anything else will tell that his new baby weighed ten pounds.

The reason China isn't more prominent at this love feast is because her army isn't large enough.

There will be no more war after we eradicate from human nature the thing that made Cain slay his brother.

The premier of France seems to have little faith in any league except the one that won the world series last year.

If this right of self-determination becomes epidemic, the conference will have to remake a larger map than that of Europe.

When we think of the autocratic power under which the Bolshevik lived, we can't blame him for getting a bit jagged on liberty, but we do blame him for trying to be the same sort of autocratic power.

## Home.

The fire in the big, wide chimney.

Nights when the wind was wild.

Sent a flicker across the ceiling.

Till she, on her arm the child.

Came and lighted the lamp by the sofa.

On the stand where the books were piled.

The flowers on the white-clothed table.

Ever so fresh and fair.

Her hands when she poured the coffee.

The sound of her voice so dear.

With news of the day in the household.

Were the fetters that held me there.

Small things, they that make a home—

A light, a woman, a child.

But they track you across the ocean.

And follow you into the wild.

They reach and beckon, and draw you.

Holding you all the while—

For home's in a baby's rattle.

And the light of a woman's smile.

—JEAN LYALL THOMPSON, in Life.



New York, Feb. 3.—The Lambs gave a dinner the other night in their clubhouse in the Roaring Forties to Gene Buck, Broadway fashion plate, picker of Ziegfeld's chorus beauties, writer of songs and librettos and the man who, next to Ziegfeld, made the "Polka" shows and the "Midnight Frolics."

Gene Buck is the out-of-towner's idea of a Broadwayite. He wears the snappiest clothes, the silkiest shirts, the rainbowiest scarfs and the fuzziest hats. When he stopped carrying a cane—all Broadway stopped and three cane chaps between Thirty-fourth and Fifty-ninth went into bankruptcy.

When Gene Buck lunches with a girl at the Knickerbocker—it is the picture of real life of those smart drawings you see in Vanity Fair of the New York looking couple taking lunch. His female companions are always the jazziest looking on Broadway.

I have known Gene Buck for several years, and my suspicions are that he plays Broadway as a game, just as the third financier plays Wall street. Buck of it all I believe Gene Buck is a "3 o'clock guy in a 12 o'clock town" and that when he makes his big stake he will shake the dust of Broadway from his feet and retire to a country estate and play his favorite game, checkers, with the boys at the country store.

There is nothing laughy about Buck. He does not breakfast at 10 o'clock in the afternoon on a Scotch highball. He is generally up at 6 a. m., and probably has written a set of lyrics by noon, and he has never taken a drink. He is also an athlete of no mean ability.

One hot night last August Gene Buck appeared at the Lambs with thirty wounded soldiers who had just returned from France. He led them into the main restaurant, gave them a hearty dinner, sent for a band and then asked the actors and singers who happened to be in the cast to entertain them. The following night he repeated the performance with fifty soldiers.

Since then Wednesday and Saturday nights for wounded soldiers have become a Lamb club institution. It was always Gene Buck who went to the various decoration hospitals, gathered the wounded soldiers together and arranged other details. He also acted as band leader.

Others who waited on the tables were William Farnum, DeWolf Hopper, John J. McFarlane, David Warfield, Frank Motzary, Willie Foster, Roy Lee Holmes, King Baggett, William Courtenay, and Thomas A. Wise.

All of this why the Lambs gave a dinner to Gene Buck, Broadwayite, the other night, and the most prominent men in New York paid him homage. He came to New York from Detroit and his first job was drawing cover pages for popular books.

There are times when I pine for the good old days of the dancing teams of yesteryear in vaudeville. You remember them, of course, the tall and short ones in plaid vests, bamboo canes, silk hats, and spats. They came on the stage in step singing "While Strolling in the Garden, One Summer Day in June," then they would execute a rat-a-tat-tat with their clogs. Then there was the Sister Dancin' Act, and the "Ladies" would whirl, then walk, and as they would do a little toward the lights one might whisper to the other:

"Say, Spot, wheel you get that grease spot on your tights." Now the dancing acts are different. They are a whole eccentric like Fricco with his clogs, or a couple of ballroom dancers who take themselves seriously, and only favor the audience with an occasional snirk.

A series of murders and hold-ups, the like of which New York has never seen before have been sweeping over the city. There were ten murders in thirty days and 150 women were assaulted in twenty-four hours.

## Arcade Welcomes Soldiers

The management of the Arcade announces a gala night for the boys of Walter Reed next Thursday, on which evening the doors of the beautiful auditorium will be thrown wide open to these brave soldier lads and their dancing partners.

## A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

By John Kendrick Bangs.

## THE HEART OF YOUTH.

I little care how folks may laugh, And cover me with sneering chaff. Because in these my latter days I fondly cling to childish ways. Since he who keeps childhood in view.

And to its purity is true, And holds the high faith of a boy In things of laughter and of joy. Can never grow old, and finds no fears.

Of age in his increase of years, (Copyright, 1919.)

## Off Comes Head of Bismarck Statue

Strassburg students tied ropes about this head of the huge statue of Bismarck and pulled it from its moorings when the French entered the city. It was their protest against the imperialist policy to which the "Iron Chancellor" committed Germany. It is going to be left in the public square as a perpetual protest against imperialism.

Joseph G. Cummings, an operator in

the night monotype section, has been ill for several days.

William McMichael has been appointed as an emergency compositor in the day monotype section.

Charles H. Gove, a maker-up in the job section, has been ill several days.

Thomas F. Lewis, a compositor in the night monotype section, is absent because of illness in his family.

James A. Gibbs, a veteran printer in the day monotype section, has been ill several days.

John H. Mesely, a helper in the monotype casting room, has resigned.

Harry H. Geisbert, a compositor in the day monotype section, is on the sick list.

Edmund W. Stackhouse, compositor in the day monotype section, has been ill for several weeks.

Herbert Van De Bogert, a compositor in the hand section, is absent because of illness.

Charles C. Smith, a skilled laborer in the day hand section, returned to work yesterday after several weeks illness.

Dennis J. McCarthy, a laborer in the day monotype section, resigned yesterday.

Bernard F. Hays, a compositor in the night monotype section, is on the sick list.

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## "SCHOOL DAYS"



## GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

Grant L. Austin, office man in the pamphlet bindery, completed twenty-nine years of service in the G. P. O. yesterday. His many friends hope he has a like term of service ahead of him.

Bookbinders Union No. 4, will hold the regular monthly meeting tonight at Typographical Temple at 5 o'clock.

Marion B. Richmond, reader in the day proof room, is absent on account of the death of his son-in-law, J. B. Bryant, who was killed by an electric train at Highbridge, Md., Sunday.

Capt. Charles E. Coe, compositor in the day monotype section, left Monday on a trip to Florida to spend two months for the benefit of his health.

Robert S. Boucher returned to work in the job room yesterday after being absent several days on account of the illness of Mrs. Boucher.

Miss Lizzie C. Williamson, office helper in the pamphlet bindery, is back after spending six weeks at her home in Wheeling, W. Va.

Mrs. Joseph K. Davidson died Friday, surviving her husband but a few days.

Admiral R. Rosworth, a maker-up in the night monotype section, is on the sick list.

William A. Thornton, of the day monotype section, was absent yesterday because of illness.

Edward D. McKenna, compositor in the hand section, returned yesterday after several weeks' leave.

Mrs. Lulu Joseph, of the forwarding and finishing section, is on the sick list.

Hurry Murray, operator in the day keyboard room, is ill.

Joseph W. Johnson, skilled laborer, has been transferred from the day linotype to the hand section.

Hugh Reid, makeup in the hand section, returned yesterday, after several days' illness.

William A. Thornton was absent from the day linotype section yesterday because of illness.

Elliot A. Hoopes, machine helper in the night monotype section, is absent because of illness in his family.

A. G. Bateman, compositor in the hand section, returned to work yesterday, after an illness of several days.

Charles Undermeyer, a compositor in the job section, is on the sick list.

Deskman William R. Dickinson was on the sick list in the day linotype section yesterday.

Herman L. Cowhill, a machine helper in the day monotype section, is ill.

Edward W. Stackhouse, compositor in the day linotype section, has been ill for several weeks.

Herbert Van De Bogert, a compositor in the hand section, is absent because of illness.

Charles C. Smith, a skilled laborer in the day hand section, returned to work yesterday after several weeks illness.

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## Who's Who in the Big Parade

Miss Ella M. Schwarz, who has been detailed to the computing section for several months, returned yesterday to the pamphlet bindery.

Josh Browning says that if Bob Brazg and Oscar Bellinger will come over on the day side they will give Director Lineback some real harmony.

Miss Lillian M. Russell returned to the day proof room yesterday after an absence of several days because of the death of her mother.

Employees in the chief clerk's office are anxiously awaiting the return of Thomas A. McDonough, 236 Washington circle northwest.

Young McDonough is a yeoman in the navy, stationed at Newport, R. I. He has been offered the rank of ensign if he stays in the navy, but he is so well liked in the chief clerk's office that they also put in an increased salary bid and he has promised to return in the very near future.

George U. Rose, jr., chief of the engraving division, attended the funeral services of T. L. Curran, a member of his division, who died Friday of double pneumonia and influenza at his residence, 1411 Sixth street northwest.

Frank Lamasure, George L. Dent, Walter Fox and Albert J. Kuntz acted as pallbearers.

Mr. Curran had been in the Bureau since 1906 and his death was a shock to his former associates.

Everything is in readiness now for the last war sport at the bureau, when they will print the Fifth Liberty Loan bonds.

W. L. Curry and Lowell C. Williams, of the engraving division, have been on the sick list.

Annie L. Jenkins has returned to the chief clerk's office after a serious illness.

A. E. Waller, of the chief clerk's office, is on the sick list.

Return of old bureau employees who have been in the service is a cause for rejoicing in many of the divisions.

Every man who left his position to join the colors and has applied for reinstatement has been re-employed.

Samuel J. Mendall and Albert E. Thomas have returned to the chief clerk's office.

Miss Scott and Mr. Dent were married Wednesday night. They will return to their positions and will live at 602 Rock Creek Church road.

Roy Beverly, messenger in the chief clerk's office, is back on the job after a brief illness.

Miss Evelyn Scott (now Mrs. Dent), who has been detailed to the chief clerk's office, is enjoying her honeymoon in the South with Warren L. Dent, also of the bureau.

Someone who makes trips into the office of Director Wilmett "wears" a battered perfume bottle. Miss Holland, the director's secretary, is employing Sherlock Holmes tactics to discover the offender.

While work is comparatively slack, Director Wilmett announced yesterday that by the middle of the month he expected to take on a great portion of the 700 clerks which have been laid off since the last rush period.

C. A. Huston, who does all of the designing for the government in addition to his regular work, is planning designs on the fifth liberty loan bonds.

Have you any notes which you would like to appear in this column?

Write or telephone it to the City Editor of The Washington Herald, Main 2300, any afternoon after 2 o'clock.

## Motion for New Trial for Victor Berger Made

Chicago, Feb. 3.—Attorneys for Victor Berger today presented arguments in Judge Landis' court in a motion for a new trial, basing the arguments on fourteen exceptions to the conduct of the previous trial.

A letter from Gov. E. L. Phillips, showing Wisconsin met its quota in the draft, was introduced with a view of showing Berger and his associates had not hampered war preparations.

## Last Night at Theaters

Shubert-Garrick — "Please Get Married."

That intimate little drawing-room playhouse which nestles on the nether side of the Great White Way of the movies discovered the most intimate phase of intimacy as its chic meter last evening—the intimacy of a bridal suite on a bridal night. No, it was not pornographic; not even risqué as Paris interprets the adjective; so far from being suggestive, it left nothing to suggestion or imagination, but conveyed the conventional details of the first round of a honeymoon in a manner which no Continental audience would have found shocking—and certainly the audience which viewed the exposition last evening revealed profound confidence that the two authors of the piece, Oliver Morosco, knew how far to go and how far not to go. It is unnecessary to convey to Maj. Pullman the information that this confidence was duly rewarded.

However, let us emphasize the fact that Mr. Morosco knew how far to go—or rather, how far he could go, if he had gone ten seconds or two careases further he would have ruined a perfectly good illegal marriage that his neophyte playwrights had rigged up for him as the basis of a brand-new, naughty, naughty farce which they call "Please Get Married," and which is a spawn of that notable lineage which includes "Twin Beds," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and "Love N' Night."

Incipient benedictus who desire to be initiated in the technique of a honeymoon clearly should not miss the second act of "Please Get Married." Here is set forth almost too soon, for we have nothing of the school of Palais Royal farce which exceeds this in the number of hilarious squirms per ten seconds or per cubic foot—and Palais Royal farce of "The Girl From Maxim's" type, which is not naughty but offensive, makes an American audience squirm in keen discomfort, while "Please Get Married" makes it squirm only to the point of "entirely charming." Broadly speaking, Ferdinand Walton and Muriel Ashley do nothing which a bridal couple should not do. Surely, it were unconscionable prudishness which would deny the enterprising farceurs of our stage the right to imitate the intimacies of a bridal night on the prongs of their fun-making. In fact, it never has been denied them. Evidently, the protagonists of "Please Get Married" have a long line of farce precedents to lean upon. But the intrepid Hattons, the fearless Margaret Mayo, dapper little Philip Bartholomew, and shrewd Avery Hopwood have been hopelessly outdistanced in sheer bland, naïve daring by the playwriting novices who are responsible for "Please Get Married," whom the program denominates as James Cullen and Lewis Allen Browne.

All there is in the new piece is this hilariously farcical Act II. The first act is a mere annex and the third act is a mere afterthought. The first act, indeed, is notable in a season of Washington theatergoing for amiable and unassuming crudity. Certain weary stretches of the dialogue were the essence of vacuity. A set of circumstances was postulated which, on the face, was impossible.

The credulity of any votary of the playhouse necessarily must be elastic, but not to the point of swallowing that awful first act of "Please Get Married." However, it was forgiven when the titillating naughtiness of act second was disclosed. Ernest Truex and Edith Taliaferro here assumed the whole burden of the piece on their shoulders. They played delightfully. Mr. Truex had become caloused in a long line of roles to all forms of honeymoon drollery, but never has he had quite the same opportunity that "Please Get Married" gives him.

Miss Taliaferro plays a very nervous but docile young bride with unerring skill. The pair ping-ponged the most delicate of situations for a length of time which left the audience almost gasping in amazement.

Of the acting of certain portions of "Please Get Married" we are going to say nothing, since the playwrights are chiefly responsible for the present gaucherie. Oliver Morosco should put an expert stage manager at work on the new farce for here he clearly has a valuable property of the kind he dears to love to have under his wing. The impressario of the Hattons has a new orchid of naughtiness for his unrivaled collection.

B. F. Keith's—Vaudeville.

Youthfully debonair, although he's craying at his ears, Jack Norworth proved his hold on the affections of vaudeville patrons at